

"Sace," said a little Frenchman, who sat beside the original, "if you please, will you be so good as to take a your foot from a detop of my tuel!"

"Bog pardoun, sir, I was only moving on the tire pressure system, and I hope I have not disturbed your trip of coars." "I say, drive, he said, before break fast!" "As far as the detop of my tuel," was the reply. "I tell you what, mister, you had better bridle your wit and hush your tackles—we want none of your stage effect."

On the back seat sat a fat elderly lady, her daughter, a pretty looking young woman, with auburn hair, and a young man, handsome and talkative, some three or four years younger than the stage miss about twelve years of age. The bustle of departure had abated, and we had again quietly seated, the stage going at a pretty good rate, when the young woman with the auburn hair, who was one of those tickling matrons we fondle and fondle ourselves ridiculous by frequenting, and intently displays of affection to the suffering exclaimed, as she shuddered the little











